

of Republic of China's National Day, it is important to remember that Taiwan has a strong relationship with the United States and we hope that this relationship will continue to flourish in the years to come. Happy birthday Taiwan.

IN MEMORIAL OF THOMAS J.
LASSITER

HON. BOB ETHERIDGE

OF NORTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, October 5, 2000

Mr. ETHERIDGE. Mr. Speaker, today I celebrate the life and memory of Mr. Thomas J. Lassiter of Smithfield, NC. Mr. Lassiter was a talented and influential journalist, a respected community figure, and a dedicated family man. As a journalist and editor of the Smithfield herald, Mr. Lassiter was widely known for his bold and careful thought and for taking sometimes unpopular, yet morally correct positions on issues of the day. History has proven that Thomas Lassiter was truly a man before his time.

Thomas James Lassiter, Jr. was born on August 21, 1911, to Thomas and Rena Lassiter, and graduated from Duke University in 1932. After taking a year to play jazz trombone with the Jelly Leftwich orchestra, Mr. Lassiter returned to Smithfield to join his mother at the herald, where she was serving as editor. He remained at the paper for not quite half a century until his retirement in 1980. During the 1940's, 50's, and 60's. Lassiter gained fame for his strong editorials on racial justice and his opinions on local and international issues. He also served as president of the North Carolina Press Association in 1951-52, and in 1982 was elected to the North Carolina Journalism Hall of Fame. Mr. Lassiter also taught journalism at the University of North Carolina from 1948 to 1953.

By virtue of the words he wrote in the Smithfield herald, Mr. Lassiter was already a public figure, but he also was motivated to serve his community through action. Over the years, he served as chairman or president of the Smithfield Library Board of Trustees, the Smithfield Chamber of Commerce, the local chapter of the North Carolina Symphony Society, and the Smithfield Kiwanis Club. He was also a leader at Smithfield First Baptist Church, as superintendent of Sunday school and church history. Mr. Lassiter was also committed to his family. Together he and Elizabeth, his wife of 61 years, raised two children who gave him four grandchildren, and two great grandchildren.

Mr. Speaker, before I close I want to read a quote from one of Mr. Lassiter's editorials. I believe it summarizes the greatness and vision of his work and gives us an idea of the intellect Mr. Lassiter possessed. This excerpt taken from an article titled "A Regrettable Rift" was written after some African American citizens were denied the right to register to vote in the 1945 Smithfield primary election.

All the Negroes who presented themselves for registration—more than 75 of them—were turned down, while only two whites were denied the privilege of getting their names in the book.

Racial discrimination is on the way out in America and the sooner the people generally recognizing that fact the better it will be for

whites as well as Negroes. Racial discrimination is on the way out because it is fundamentally wrong. It is contrary to the very heart of the teachings of Jesus Christ. It is contrary to the highest concept of democracy. It is specially forbidden by the Constitution of the United States.

Negroes pay taxes; they are subject to the same laws that govern whites; they are drafted into the armed forces; they shed their blood on the battlefields alongside of white soldiers. If they are asked to spill their blood for democracy, can we honorably deny them the right to share in the democracy for which they fight?

How long will the Negroes refrain from militancy or belligerency in their struggle for basic rights? That depends upon how soon the majority race frees itself from deep-rooted prejudices and refrains from denying Negroes fundamental democratic privileges which are guaranteed them by the highest law in the land.

Twenty years before the Voting Rights Act, the extraordinary editorial was bold, visionary and courageous. Mr. Speaker, Thomas J. Lassiter left us a legacy of words and actions that inspire us to improve our society, serve our local community, and uphold the honor of our families. I am honored to share his story and celebrate his legacy with this House today.

IN MEMORY OF BETTY BANKS

HON. RALPH M. HALL

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, October 5, 2000

Mr. HALL. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in memory of a beloved citizen of the Fourth Congressional District and a dear friend, the later Betty Jean Henderson Banks of Ivanhoe, Texas, who passed away earlier this year. Betty was a wonderful woman whose kindness and dedication to her family, friends and community will be long remembered.

Born in Louisiana to the late Lafayette Victor Henderson and Ida Butler Starke Henderson, Betty married James Walter Banks in 1938 in Bonham, Texas. Throughout her years in Bonham, Betty raised a family and worked tirelessly on behalf of her community. Betty was known by many of her work at the Sam Rayburn Memorial Veterans Center in Bonham, where she worked in food service. She also was known throughout Bonham for her volunteer efforts on numerous causes, for making uniforms for the Missionettes (Girls Club) to helping find and fight for a liver transplant for a baby in need. Betty was an integral part of a women's prayer group that met monthly for a prayer breakfast at the First National Bank in Bonham, and she was a member of the First Pentecostal Church of God in Bonham.

In the local paper, this was written about Betty by Mrs. Paul Keahey: "Over the years she stood up for truth and honesty at all levels of society and government and what she believed to be right." These sentiments were echoed by her many friends and fellow citizens who knew her and loved her.

Betty is survived by her son and daughter-in-law, James V. "Butch" Banks and Carol of Baytown; two daughters and sons-in-law, Kathy and Mike Stockton of Ravenna and Becky and Victor Santiago of West Haven,

Conn.; and a brother, Robert H. Henderson of Colville, Wash.. She is also survived by seven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. She was preceded in death by her loving husband, James Walter Banks, who passed away in 1996; a granddaughter, Amanda Stockton; brother, L. Victor Henderson, and a sister, Yvonne Henderson.

Betty was an honest and loyal friend to many and a role model in her community. We will miss her—but her legacy will live on in the lives of all those whom she touched with her generosity and kindness. Mr. Speaker, as we adjourn today, may we do so in memory of this beloved citizen of Fannin County, Betty Banks.

DR. JAMES BILLINGTON, LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, HONORED FOR BICENTENNIAL AND LOCAL LEGACIES PROGRAM

HON. PAUL E. KANJORSKI

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, October 5, 2000

Mr. KANJORSKI. Mr. Speaker, today I pay tribute to Dr. James H. Billington, the Librarian of Congress, and to thank him for the fine job that he and the staff of the Library have done with the Local Legacies program, which has served as the focal point of this year's bicentennial celebration for the Library.

As the members may be aware, the Library of Congress, the nation's oldest federal cultural institution, was established by an act of Congress in 1800, when President John Adams signed a bill transferring the seat of government from Philadelphia to the new capital city of Washington. In addition to the Local Legacies program, which is the focus of my remarks today, the bicentennial of this great institution has been observed with ceremonies, exhibitions, the issuance of a commemorative stamp and coins, as well as the launch of a new, easy-to-use and entertaining Web site, americaslibrary.gov.

In light of Dr. Billington's accomplishments and the tremendous success of the Local Legacies project, I would like to point out his ties to the Keystone State and to Northeastern Pennsylvania in particular. He is a native of Pennsylvania and holds an honorary degree from the University of Scranton. He has made great stride toward his goal of making the Library truly the "people's library," and the Local Legacies project is an excellent example of this.

Last year, each Member of Congress was asked to submit audio, visual, or textual documentation for at least one significant cultural heritage that has been important to his or her district or state to serve as a record for future generations, who might otherwise have lost this important knowledge forever. This documentation is now permanently housed in the collections of the Library's American Folklife Center. In May, Members of Congress and Local Legacies project participants from across the country came together in the Great Hall of the Thomas Jefferson building to celebrate the completion of this magnificent collection of historical material.

I was pleased to register several important cornerstones of community life in my district for posterity as Local Legacies: the Hazleton

Funfest, the Bloomsburg Fair, the West End Fair, the Wyoming Commemorative Association, the Anthracite Heritage Parade, the Pittston Tomato Festival and the Saint Mary's Annual Homecoming Picnic in Mocanaqua.

Led by Father Thomas Skotek, the pastor of Saint Mary's, Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church, the Mocanaqua community sent the largest delegation of anywhere in the country—more than 80 people—to Washington for the Local Legacies completion ceremony. I was pleased to introduce them to Dr. Billington at the ceremony.

Mr. Speaker, the visit of the Mocanaqua delegation for the Local Legacies celebration was a particularly special occasion for Frank Evina, a native of Mocanaqua and 30-year employee of the Library of Congress, whose accomplishments are noteworthy in their own right. Mr. Evina was co-coordinator of the Local Legacies project and has helped organize numerous exhibits at the Library, including The Thomas Jefferson Building: Book Palace of the America People," an exhibition marking the centennial of the opening of the Jefferson Building, and "The Wizard of Oz: An American Fairy Tale," an exhibition marking this year's 100th anniversary of one of America's most beloved stories, The Wonderful Wizard of Oz.

The Library is holding a gala celebration tonight as part of the year-long observation of its bicentennial. I send my congratulations to Dr. Billington, Mr. Evina and the staff of the Library of Congress for their tremendous work on the Local Legacies project and all of the bicentennial commemorations, and I also send my best wishes to the people of Saint Mary's and Mocanaqua for the continued success of the Homecoming Picnic.

FIGURE SKATING: A GLIMPSE OF FREEDOM

HON. DONALD A. MANZULLO

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, October 5, 2000

Mr. MANZULLO. Mr. Speaker, Janet Lynn fascinated the nation several years ago, when, as a 14-year-old figure skater, she participated in the 1968 Olympics. Four years later, she won a Bronze Medal. Her faith and perseverance captured the Nation. She spoke during the Independence Day celebration in her home town of Rockford, IL, where the people named the ice arena after her. Her remarks on family, faith, and freedom are so compelling that I want her testimony to affect other Americans.

I would like to submit the following remarks into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

FIGURE SKATING: A GLIMPSE OF FREEDOM (By Janet Lynn)

I am honored to be asked to speak with you. What a privilege that the City of Rockford remembers me with such respect. I realized recently that the honor I feel is even stronger because I have been at home as a wife and mother longer than I was a skater. The fact that I am still remembered, yet alone having an ice rink named after me, is very humbling. I will try to reflect what is in my heart and tell you what it means to me.

Speaking is not my favorite past time and preparing to speak is more difficult for me than you can imagine. You may not know this, but my parents introduced me to skating

hoping it would help cure my extreme shyness and timidity around people. But I liked to skate because I could express myself without talking to anyone! Somehow I think the joke was on me when I find myself invited to speak.

I grew up in Rockford from the age of 8. My memories of growing up here include my time at home, at the Wagon Wheel, at church and school, and my many opportunities to travel. It is here that foundations were built into my life. Skating was such an incredible vehicle to learn about many areas of life. I would like to share with you what I learned from the foundations of my skating, and relate them to the foundations of our nation; specifically, family, faith and freedom.

Since this is the eve of our country's birthday in a new millennium, I thought this would be entirely appropriate. The ability to live in a free and civilized nation has become a great passion for me. Over the years, even the many years that I have been raising my family, I have given deep thought to our freedom; where it comes from and why it is important. The skills and priorities I have developed from my job as wife, mother of 5 sons, and homemaker have strengthened my belief in the power and importance of strong foundations. The foundations historically provided by family and faith were the inspiration for our nation's beginning. I strongly believe that in order to continue to enjoy freedom in a civilized nation, we must rebuild our foundations.

God has placed in each and every human spirit the desire to be free. I think that skating is a very powerful metaphor of that hope of freedom.

It is my belief that one of the things that makes skating so very popular is that it looks so free. The people who skate well seem to fly. There is great exhilaration in watching skaters fly across the ice and then into the air with such beauty and grace! It touches something deep in the soul of many who watch.

I can tell you that when I was skating well, it did indeed seem like I was soaring; and I felt very free to attempt anything I wanted to on the ice. It was so much fun to let God and beautiful music inspire my spirit on the ice, to the point that I could express what in my soul, without talking. That freedom that I had to skate was built upon foundations.

I not only learned about freedom from learning to be free on the ice, but also from my experience of visiting nations that were not free.

Perhaps my travels when I was young have given me a perspective of which many are unaware. I had the rare opportunity to visit nations that were not free at the time and to experience in a small way the oppression and fear of expression so many wonderful people had to live under. I have seen people so afraid of being caught socializing with people from other nations that they hid in a closet. I was sobered when suspicions were confirmed that some "officials" who closely monitored and traveled with my skating peers from unfree nations were actually secret police.

On one occasion in an unfree nation we were assigned an interpreter for our entire stay with whom I innocently spoke to about God. He must have been immediately reassigned because we never saw him again. I didn't realize how serious that kind of conversation was in unfree nations.

I have vivid memories of being a young lady who saw the Stars and Stripes with an emotional and grateful heart upon returning to the United States. I had a new awareness of what that flag meant and what it has meant to many millions who have sought the privilege to live under its freedom and protection.

I remember wanting to kiss the ground of my country, the most free country on the face of the earth.

Even at a young age I knew there was an important difference between what I experienced in nations that were not free, and the freedom I knew in our great nation. I have thought long and hard to determine what the difference is between freedom and a lack of freedom and I believe the difference is found in the substance of foundations.

I learned about foundations from my skating. My brilliant coach, Miss Kohout, as I respectfully called her, constantly emphasized the foundational skills of my skating. How I executed a single jump was as important as how I executed a double or triple. I once had a three hour lesson on just one simple turn. Our challenging weekly Saturday night workout sessions mostly emphasized the foundations of skating. Plain stroking to music, as our muscles burned, was something I think we all dreaded. As Miss Kohout's students, we were especially challenged the day we had to stroke to music in rental hockey skates on very bad and chewed up ice. In the face of these challenges, our skills had to be strong and the technique proper. If the simple skills were not perfected, the advanced skills would become difficult, if not impossible and certainly much more dangerous.

As with the techniques and skills of skating, I learned that in order to have civilized freedom, our country must remain on its solid foundations. In skating, mastering those foundations required 4-10 hours a day, six days a week, of training, teaching and practicing. The discipline of school figures was an essential part of my training. Only when the foundational skills were mastered did I have the freedom to use those skills to express myself without fear of getting hurt. The training in those foundations of my skating continued for all the years that I skated. If I started having trouble with a jump, spin, turn, or edge, it could always be traced back to the loss or incorrect execution of foundational skills.

For 17 years I did not skate at all while I have tried to build and raise my family. When I began to skate again for physical fitness purposes, it became immediately clear that I had lost most of my freedom to express myself on the ice without fear of getting hurt. The foundations of my freedom on the ice were still somewhere in my memory, but I had to start reteaching myself and fighting with my body, which did not want to do those foundational skills in a way that gave me the freedom I once had. I could no longer enjoy the fun part of flying across the ice and doing jumps, spins, and footwork. To regain that freedom, I need to pay the price of rebuilding the foundations on the ice. When those foundations become second nature and I have the self-government of each muscle, then I will have earned the freedom to express myself without fear of getting hurt.

With all my heart I believe that these thoughts about my skating are a metaphor to what is happening in our nation. Our nation's freedom cost a great price. It was built upon certain foundations including the natural family and personal faith in the God Almighty. Today we have altered, or ignored, or perhaps forgotten the foundations of our nation's freedom, and I believe we are in great danger of losing our freedom to express ourselves without fear, as I have lost my freedom to skate.

There is a price to relearn the foundations of our freedom. But we can do it—and we must! I am concerned about the direction of our country. What kind of nation will my children, and yours, inherit? A lack of self control is omnipresent. Our culture seems to exist to satisfy the senses, and we have forgotten or deadened our souls. It is true that